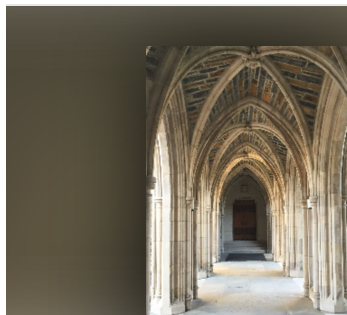




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## Stuck In The Present



👁 18 ✓ 0 ★ 2

### Chapter 1 by K. J. Lighthart

I sat on a rickety old bench waiting for the next train. It had been raining, which only added to the humidity in the air. I could smell the ozone mixing with the unpleasant scents permeating the space surrounding the small platform.

I was the only person on this particular platform right now, but it would soon be overflowing with the five o'clock crowd on their way home. Chris would be among them. This would be the first time I had caught a glimpse of my target in person.

I didn't really have more than just a name and a face to go on, but that's how it had always worked. A face would suddenly materialize in my head and I would know how to find them. Even after all the years I had been a guardian, I still wasn't that clear on the logistics of how it all worked. As far as I knew, I just watched out for people, who were supposed to have a huge impact on present events.

I guess it should bother me to not know where I was going or what I would be walking into. But hey, this is the life I had chosen; at least, that's what I keep telling myself.

I felt the ground beneath me begin to shake and I could hear the click clack of the approaching train. It was still a ways off; despite that, I uncrossed my legs and stood anyway. I wanted to be ready to follow as soon as I saw him.

I straightened my wrinkled burgundy pencil skirt and grimaced. I really hated polyester for this exact reason. I would have worn a dress if I could, but I wanted to make sure I

blended in with the other

Part of my job description

was supposed to guard people from the shadows, so they wouldn't know someone was helping them. However, that

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didn't mean I enjoyed wearing high heels and suits or skirts for that matter. I just hoped that this case wouldn't take too long. Once it was over, I could burn this ridiculous ensemble.

Just then the train pulled to a stop in front of me, and a sea of passengers crowded around me. I knew he was here. I could feel it. There were so many faces; unfortunately, none of them happened to be the one I was looking for.

Just when I thought that maybe my senses were off this time, there he was, not three feet in front of me.

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